

INVINCIBLE

Chapter 18: Training Battle Skill

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Huang Ming sneered inside his heart as he looked at Huang Peng turning around and walking away. He naturally did not believe Huang Xiaolong would run into another incredible dog shit luck that could aid him in defeating his son a second time in next year's Clan Assembly.

Therefore, the so-called one hundred pieces of Battle Qi dans was basically grasping at smoke, absolutely impossible!

Inside the Grand Hall, the Elders secretly look at each other, no one dared to speak out.

At this moment, Huang Xiaolong was waiting in the Eastern Courtyard, and he barely sat down before Huang Peng returned in a sullen mood.

"Dad, what happened?" Huang Xiaolong asked.

Su Yan also stood up from her chair and walked towards Huang Peng.

Guilt gnawed at Huang Peng's conscious as he looked at his son, but he walked straight into the main hall and sat down without saying a word. With his head bowed low, the anger his heart flared up even more instead of subsiding.

"This is blatant bullying!"

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Recalling Big Brother Huang Ming's mocking and his father's favoritism towards Huang Wei, Huang Peng couldn't help but let out an angry howl. A palm struck the chair beside him, shattering it into pieces.

Su Yan was frightened by Huang Peng's abrupt violent action.

"Peng Ge, what's wrong? What happened?" Su Yan asked anxiously.

Lifting his head, Huang Peng looked at his wife Su Yan, and his son. The guilt he felt grew heavier as he sighed inside his heart. In the end, Huang Peng recounted what happened in the Grand Hall earlier and when he reached the part where Huang Qide gave the quota to enter the Spirit Pool away to Huang Wei – which was supposed to belong to Huang Xiaolong, his anger flared up once again; one of his palms slammed at another chair nearby.

"Father's action was simply too biased! In his eyes, only Huang Wei is his grandson!" When Su Yan heard everything, her almond shaped eyes widened in anger, and said indignantly: "Does he still regard our Xiaolong as his grandson?!"

Huang Xiaolong didn't say anything but snickered inside, although he defeated Huang Wei a few days ago during the Clan's Assembly, and revealed his Second Order strength, it seemed his Grandfather Huang Qide actually bore no concern for him in the least. Probably in Grandfather Huang Qide's eyes, him being able to advance to Second Order warrior was largely due to some dog shit luck and couldn't be compared to Huang Wei's (non-existent) achievement.

"And that Zhou Guang dares to belittle our Xiaolong, even daring to say our Xiaolong will waste the potency of the Spirit Pool if he is the one to go in!" Su Yan continues heatedly: "This dog-like slave, if not for Huang Ming backing him, he wouldn't dare to utter such words!"

Although Zhou Guang was an 'Elder' of Huang Clan Manor, his privileged status and authority were only a trifling higher compared to the elite guards. He, at the end of the day, was still a slave at the core.

“Xiaolong, forgive Dad.” Huang Peng’s voice sounded down as he apologizes to his son, laden with guilt. “It’s all because Dad is useless, not only I lost your spot to enter the Spirit Pool but to actually lost it to Huang Wei!”

When Huang Xiaolong heard this, he just smiled nonchalantly “Dad, Mom, don’t worry. In the next year’s Clan Assembly, not only will I hit Huang Wei until his Dad can’t recognize him, I will hit him until Grandfather can’t recognize him!”

Since Grandfather Huang Qide treasures his darling grandson Huang Wei so much, then this ‘grade seven’ martial spirit grandson will show his Grandfather that his dog shit luck only gets better and better, stronger than ever!

Not only during next year’s Clan Assembly, at every coming year’s assembly he will ‘revamp’ Huang Wei into a super pig-head.

Huang Peng and Su Yan thought their son was trying to comfort them, willing them not to worry which increased Huang Peng’s feeling of guilt.

Under the notion that their son was only a grade seven martial spirit talent, the gap between him and Huang Wei will reveal itself as time goes by. In one year’s time, Huang Wei could breakthrough to the Third Order, maybe even higher. Their son, however, possessing only a grade seven martial spirit, their son would need at least two years to breakthrough from the Second Order to the Third Order.

At next year’s Clan Assembly, can their son defeat Huang Wei?

Unless his son was lucky enough to swallow another three pieces of Yang fruit or similar elixir, otherwise... Huang Peng sighed, would his son be fortunate enough to come across elixirs similar to Yang fruit a second time?

Looking at the expressions on his parents’ face, Huang Xiaolong could guess that his parents weren’t optimistic about him defeating Huang Wei next year.

“Dad, Mom, I plan to train in the back mountains for some time.” Huang Xiaolong said after thinking for a moment.

This arrangement allowed him to practice the Body Metamorphose Scripture conveniently. Running back and forth all the time was actually an inconvenience, furthermore, for the time being, Huang Xiaolong didn't want the Asura Tactics to be exposed.

“No!” The moment the words left Huang Xiaolong's lips, Su Yan objected strongly without even needing to think.

Huang Peng also persuaded, “Xiaolong, I know you're going to the back mountain so that you could practice peacefully but your strength is only at Second Order, it's too dangerous!”

Huang Xiaolong had expected his parent would object, ultimately in their eyes, he was just a seven-year-old child. No parents would willingly allow a seven-year-old child to leave the safety of home just for training.

“Dad, Mom, I will only be at the outer edge of the back mountain, as long as I don't enter into the deeper parts, there's no danger!” Huang Xiaolong tried again: “You don't have to worry.”

But despite what Huang Xiaolong said to convince them, Huang Peng and Su Yan vehemently rejected.

“What if I can defeat Huang Wei next year?” Huang Xiaolong threw his last straw out, changing his tact and asked.

“Defeat Huang Wei?” Both of them looked at Huang Xiaolong.

“If you are able to defeat Huang Wei in next year's sparring event, I will allow you to practice in the back mountain!” Huang Peng finally agreed in a solemn voice after musing over: “We can discuss this again after you defeat Huang Wei next year.”

“Okay!” Huang Xiaolong agreed. Since there’s no way around it, he could only wait one year.

And at this time in the Northern Courtyard, listening to his father describing the situation where his Grandfather made the announcement, Huang Wei’s face bloomed brightly in a wide smile: “Grandfather indeed is wise, he knows that if that kid is allowed into the Spirit Pool it will only lead to wastage!”

Since his return to Northern Courtyard from the Grand Hall, Huang Ming had been in a good mood, laughing as he listened to his son’s words, “Since your Grandfather has given you this chance, you mustn’t disappoint your Grandfather and me; though your talent is excellent, you must still put effort into your practice!”

Huang Wei smile and said reassuringly, “Dad, rest assured, once I enter the Spirit Pool and practice there, I definitely will breakthrough to the Third Order in less than one year!” Speaking up to here, both Huang Wei’s pupils emitted extreme hatred: “During next year’s Clan Assembly, I will make that little doggy kneel before me, and I will cripple both of his arms and legs!”

Back in his small yard, Huang Xiaolong did not continue to practice like he always did. Instead, he took out a piece of paper from Asura Ring.

Now that he reached the Fourth Order, he could start practicing battle skills.

Recorded on the piece of paper was a set of sword attack battle skill that seemed to be created especially for the Blades of Asura, and there was another set of battle skill called Asura Demon Claw.

There were a total of eighteen moves to the Asura Sword Skill, and each move was divided into three stages whereby Asura Demon Claw had slightly less, only five moves.

Going through both sets of battle skills once, Huang Xiaolong's eyes were attracted to a small drawing of the Asura Sword Skill, which prompted his decision to practice the sword skill first.

Coming out from his room to his small yard, Huang Xiaolong called out the Blades of Asura. Recalling the drawing depicting the first attack's movement, mood and the qi circulation inside the body; with a wave of the blades, dozens of blade images emerged out of nowhere, rotating and gathering into two small cyclones that zigzagged within the perimeter of the small yard.

Asura Sword Skill, First Move: Tempest of Hell.

Note:

Peng Ge; Ge lit. Brother, but in this context, it's an endearment term - Dear, Honey